

THE AMADOR LEDGER.

Established November 1, 1855.

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1900.

Five Cents Per Copy.

A DOSE OF JUSTICE.

JUDGED OUT WITH A LIBERAL HAND
BY JUDGE HOKE.

The Court Considers the Case of Arizona Sam, General Bad Man, and Disposes of It Without the Aid of Advice From His Lawyer.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

"This year case," said Judge Hoke, "he called the court to order, 'ap- pels to me not only as the legally selected and only justice of the peace for my county of Cold Chuck, but to every man in these diggin's who carries a gun and is supposed to be the law to take care of himself. It is the case of Arizona Sam versus Pete the Half Breed, and Sam is the complainant. I see he's got a lawyer ready to gab for him, but that lawyer won't be no talkin' to do."

"Let us begin at the beginning. Arizona Sam strikes this town a year ago. He has a yell like a fog horn and he weighs 200 pounds. He wears two guns and a knife, and he bites the cap off a dozen beer bottles to show that he was born in a cyclone and crawled in a hurricane. He was sized up 'ur a bad man, and for months and months he's bin cook of the walk. I can't remember that he's killed anybody, but that was because everybody walloped his blues and stepped around softly. He has defied the vigilance committee and he has bluffed this court, and it's astonish ye to find out just what sort of a critter he is. Yesterday morn he starts over the hills for Tin Jon City. On the way he meets Pete the Half Breed. Most of ye know Pete and most of ye have heard that he's got no backbone. Pete was ridin' his cause and Sam was hoofin' it. When they come together Sam holds up his hand and says:

"'Git off'n that horse!'

"'What fur?' asks Pete.

"'Because I want him.'

"'But he's mine.'

"Then Sam calls him a string of names 40 rods long. He abuses Pete's mother and the rest of the rest of the world.

"Sam relations. He chucks his teeth and 'ole his eyes and pulls his guns. He wants that cause, and he wants him inside of two minutes. Ye may figger that Pete, who hadn't any gun with him, turned pale and fell out of the saddle with a thump, but ye'll be mistaken if ye do. It took him some time to realize the situation, but he didn't skeer. When he got things straight he slid off his critter and lit to Sam. Did the bold, bad man who has carried the county of Cold Chuck in his pocket for a year drill holes through the half breed as he come? Not a drill. Was that an awful struggle last half an hour before victory perched on either banner? Not a struggle. That half breed, who was thought to be a worm of the dust, took the bold, bad man by the nose and made him around for awhile. Then he ripped him of his weepins, pulled his ears, slaps his jaw and kicks him around a bend of the trail.

"What does the terrible terror of Cold Chuck county do? He's given himself away as a coward and a blowhard does he fall over a cliff that men may fight him? Does he strike out for a pint 1,000 miles away, that his name may never be known? Not much. He comes right back to town and to me, and the first thing he says is:

"'Judge, I want justice.'

"'What sort of justice?'

"'Justice for bein' held up and robbed by the Half Breed.'

"'But why didn't ye sue?'

"'He skinned up on me. Gimme justice, judge—grimme lots of it.'

"That was Arizona Sam, bold, bad man, and I believed his yarn and sent out a warrant and had Pete arrested. I was calkerlatin to gin him a mighty sort of justice, but hearin his side of the story has changed my mind. Sam, the bluffer, stand up. Are ye deniyin that Pete says is true?"

"He lit on me mighty sudden, edge, was the reply."

"But you didn't try to pull a gun?"

"'Mebbe not.'

"'And you didn't fight?'

"'I don't think so.'

"'That's nuff. Ye ar' simply a great big blowhard and a bluffer, and ye've made every good man in this town back water. We'll be the laughin stock of Tip Cup, Pine Hill and all the other diggin's, and we'll feel the disgrace fur five yrs. I can't ye to jail fur bein a bluffer and a duffer, but I'm goin to sentence ye to be booted from this very temple of justice to the Red Dog saloon, and if ye ain't over the hill and out of town ten minits later I won't answer fur consequences. As fur Pete, he is sot at liberty, and he kin keep her weepins and be the fust man to apply the boot. The rest of us, includin the court, will fall in arter him, and as ye feel yourself lifted cl'ar off the earth I hope ye may come to realize that though justice is blind and moves along like a kyote with two legs broke, she keeps reachin out her hand till she gits the right critter by the neck."

M. QUAD.

The average man likes to point to the good traits in his children as a heritage from himself.—Chicago News.

Paraguay Tea.

When the yerba mate, or native tea of Paraguay, is cultivated, the seeds are treated on an acid bath before planting. This softens the hard shell which surrounds the kernel of the seeds and enables them to sprout in three or four months. If planted in their natural state, it requires three or four years for the seeds to germinate.

Minuties lead and save the world and the world knows them not till long afterward.—John Burroughs.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 8 1/2 inches.

SURGEONS' THREAD.

MATERIALS THAT ARE USED TO SEW UP CUTS AND WOUNDS.

There Are Many Kinds of Instruments and Needles and a Great Variety of Stitches Used in Life Saving Operations.

Imagine a tailor who deliberately plans to have the stitches he so carefully sews give way at a certain time. Suppose he should use one kind of thread in a coat warranted to break in one week, another kind in the trousers guaranteed to fall apart in a month and using permanent material only in making up a waistcoat. Yet this is exactly what the surgeon does every day. Sutures, as the surgeon's thread is called, are made from various materials according to the requirements. Catgut silk thread, silkworm gut, silver wire kangaroo tendons and horsehair are in common use.

Catgut was at one time obtained from members of the feline tribe. At its use increased the supply ran short. Experiments showed that sheep furnished an acceptable substitute. So catgut used by surgeons, jewelers and makers of musical instruments comes now from the submucosa, or middle layer of the intestine of a sheep. It is the most commonly used of all suturing material. Catgut stitches are absorbed in from five to seven days, depending on the individual upon whom they are used. In occasional instances catgut stitches have been known to be absorbed in 26 hours. By treating it with chromic acid such a suture will remain in position for many weeks. Because of its adaptability and the cheapness of the material catgut heads the list of surgical threads.

Silkworm gut can be more thoroughly sterilized than any other known suture material. In preparing sutures of all sorts the usual method is to boil the material in ether, allow it to soak for 24 hours, then place it in alcohol for a day or two and follow this with a bath of mercury solution. Notwithstanding this thorough cleansing, the microscope reveals germs still present in varying numbers in many instances. Silkworm sutures show fewer microorganisms than other materials treated in this way; hence it is highly recommended for surgical work. The material is extracted from a silkworm killed immediately before it begins to weave its cocoon. Unfortunately for surgeons, silkworm sutures are not absorbable, but remain permanently in place. For this reason its use is restricted to special work.

The short, tough tendons taken from the tail of a kangaroo furnish sutures with a valuable thread. Kangaroo tendon sutures will hold fast for many days. The time of absorption is estimated from four weeks to two months.

Horsehair and silver wire sutures are nonabsorbable. The fluids of the body do not affect them in any way, and once in place the stitches will remain until forcibly removed. By some it is asserted that silver wire has distinct antiseptic properties. Nitrate of silver in solution is known to be a good germicide. Hence it is argued that a silver salt injurious to germ development is formed by the contact of body fluids with silver wire. Thus stitches are said to be of rare occurrence when silver wire is utilized.

Silk thread, such as is used by tailors, but of the finest quality and of larger caliber, is frequently used. The stitches are practically nonabsorbable, though at times no trace of the thread has been found in the tissue at the expiration of a year.

To accommodate this assortment of threads special varieties of needles are naturally required. A surgeon's "housewife" contains needles that would scarcely be recognized as such by the uninitiated. Besides the needles curved in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points. Some are as long as bodkins, terminating in a point like a miniature knife blade. Others have the sharpened end triangular, with the apices of the angles sharpened to a razor edge. Some few are formed like ordinary sewing needles, but made of greater tensile strength.

The extreme of simplicity in the Pahouin women's method in making themselves beautiful is to shave the head and then to color it with a dye—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Instead of a thimble a surgeon uses an instrument called needle holder. It is shaped like a pair of scissors, the points of which are blunt clamps. The needle is held fast between the jaws of the clamps until released by opening the two blades as scissors are opened. Then a fresh hold is taken, and the action repeated with every stitch.

A skillful surgeon has perfect command of the need at all times. There are moments during an operation when a well placed stitch means saving the life of a patient. At such times the skillful surgeon displays a celebrity and distinct not surpassed in embroidery.

The surgeon relies upon certain stitches for different needs, just as the dressmaker picks and chooses among the various forms of stitching. The hemstitch, catstitch, whalebone, herringbone, running stitch and back hand so dear to the feminine fingers have their counterparts in the surgeon's mattress suture, interrupted and continuous suture, subcuticular suture, purse string and figure eight sutures, Lembert and Czerny sutures. As the seamstress selects an appropriate stitch for a seam, a buttonhole or a binding, so the surgeon chooses in forming his life saving stitches.—New York Sun.

The Early Bird. Ethel—Do you like Mr. Eames, mama?

Mamma (a young widow)—Why, yes.

Ethel—And Mr. Webster?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Ethel—And Mr. Fish and Mr. Dixon?

Mamma—I like them all, pet.

Ethel—Which one are you going to marry, then?

Mamma—The one who proposes first darling.—Harlem Life.

What Women Admire In Men. What we admire most in men is a loving appreciation of ourselves. The most admirable man is he who makes a comfortable home for the woman who loves him and who delights to make that home bright and cheery for his sake, for after all, it matters little what we admire in men. It is what we love in them that is the important factor in the well being of the world.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The highest point at which flowering plants have been found was in Tibet, at 12,000 feet. Nine species were re-

corded at 10,000 feet or higher.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 8 1/2 inches.

A Human Miss Coveted the Lion.

At Cape Town a lion tamer was go-

ing through a performance in a cage

with a full grown lion lately caught.

Suddenly it was seen that the brute

was putting the trainer through his

paces rather than being put through it-

self. Softly, crouching and creeping,

the big cat edged itself between the

thoroughly unnerved man and the door

of the den, fixing its victim with two

rolling yellow orbs of flaming ferocity

and sawing the empty air with its tufted

tail as it crouched preparatory to

springing.

Many men among the audience, used

to the ways of wild beasts, saw and

comprehended, but only one man pos-

sesed the knowledge and the presence

of mind to avert the apparently inevi-

table. Pursing up his lips as though

he were going to whistle, he emitted a

horse, low, rasping hiss.

The heart beat and understood,

for the sound was an exact imitation

of the noise made by the giant constrictor

when he was coiled for the attack.

The science of medicine is year after

year becoming more and more perfect

as its diagnoses are more reliable, and its

method of treatment is more rational.

Although the brain is the chief part

of the animal man, yet there are many

things about the brain which scientists

have not yet fathomed.

But great strides have been made in

that knowledge which has only within

recent years been discovered and which

reveals to us what the cranial really

contains. Shelfing what has gone be-

fore and what has been taught as med-

ical law, the following interesting data

on how the brain works are now what

is accepted at the present time as the

correct theory:

The cerebrum—front and top—is the

chief part of the brain and the imme-

diate source of all our mental action.

The gray matter of the outer surface is

made up of layers of nerve cells. These

are the thinking centers. Experiments

have clearly demonstrated that each

convolution has a special function, and

if destroyed it cannot be replaced.

It has also been found that the left

side of the brain is more active than the

right.

That's exactly what I would think,"

replied Smith.

"And if I said I wanted a quarter to

buy whisky you'd say you didn't pro-

pose to encourage the drink habit,

wouldn't you?"

"That's what I'd say."

"And if I said I wanted a quarter to

buy food for a starving wife and 11

children, you'd think I was a liar,

wouldn't you?"

"Well, I'd say, mister, I want a quarter to

pay for having me mother-in-law's

trunk hauled to the depot. Do I get

it?"

Smith effected a compromise by part-

WORK OF PICK AND SHOVEL

Doings at the Modoc and Defender Mines.

EXCELLENT REPORT FROM THE DEL MONTE

Finding Nuggets.—The Hexter Mine Bonded.—Several Bodies of Ore Uncovered.

Peerless—Jackson.

The Peerless shaft is down 535 feet. During the past week a good, black, greasy slate has been encountered, which is well mineralized. Those interested are much pleased over the encouraging prospects.

Kirkwood—Jackson.

Everything is in readiness at the Kirkwood mine, and on Dec. 1 (to-morrow) sinking will begin.

Zelle—Jackson.

The mill at the Zelle mine is temporarily closed down, pending the repairing of the shaft.

Del Monte Mine.

Last report from the Del Monte mine says that the 900 foot tunnel has been completed to the shaft, striking it at a depth of about 200 feet. Here was found a drift of 25 feet east, on the ledge, showing three feet of excellent rock. As soon as the promoters get enough stock placed to insure the success of the present company, a new hoist will be put on, and sinking begun, which will be carried down to 500 feet. Then drifts will be run east and west on the ledge, and stopping commenced. With a good ten-stamp mill ready to crush the rock, as fast as it can be gotten out, the prospects are extremely inviting, and investors might do worse than to investigate the Del Monte, and give the promoters a lift. Mr. Geo. I. Wright of Jackson is Secretary of the Company, and will receive subscriptions for stock. Go and see him.

Modoc—Volcano.

Work on the Modoc property is being done to the entire satisfaction of its promoters. By extending the tunnel and making an upraise the shaft was struck, thereby releasing the large body of water that had gathered in the shaft. Truman Schenck, who has charge of the Modoc, had surveyed the underground workings several times, and the results showed that the surveys were accurate. The center of the bottom of the shaft was struck with a drill. Important results are expected at the Modoc within a few weeks. Some years ago excellent ore was taken from a chute in the shaft which is less than 70 feet deep. There are four ore chutes in the mine, and rock has been taken from one of them that has assayed \$60 per ton.

Defender—West Point.

There has been a discord at the Defender mine that has caused the laying off of the force. Joseph Jacobs, one of those interested in the property, came up from San Francisco last Saturday evening to adjust matters of importance to the company. He was instructed by Dr. Talcott, the principal owner of the Defender, to put six men to work one day, that the requirements of the bond may be carried out. It is said that \$100,000 is at the disposal of the company.

CALAVERAS COUNTY

Citizen: A Chinaman who goes by the name of Ah Lum is reported to have found a nugget of gold on Coyote Creek last week that sold for \$208.

Good news is reported from the Lloyd gravel mine, on Central Hill, this week. The property is owned by the Lloyd's of San Andreas, but is under bond to Mr. Palmer an Oakland gentleman. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 210 feet, and for some weeks drifting has been going on in a westerly direction from the shaft in search of the old channel. A few days ago six feet of gravel was struck, and it is supposed to be rich. Thousands of dollars were taken out of the old Union shaft, adjoining the Lloyd mine, several years ago, and the gravel beds have always proved rich in gold in this vicinity. In consequence all those connected with the Lloyd are in good spirits. At present twelve men are employed on eight-hour shifts, and steam power is used for hoisting and pumping. A large new pump has recently been installed in the mine and works admirably. A large quantity of gold is being purchased by Mr. Palmer at the present time.

The Flamm boys have struck a fine quartz prospect on Central Hill. This section has always been noted as a gravel country and thousands of dollars have been taken from the old channels. Little attention has been paid to quartz but the Flamm's saw what they thought were good indications and sunk a shaft forty feet deep on the vein. They struck a black gauge at that depth, with plenty of black slate, which always indicates good ore. It is said that some of the rock assays as high as \$40 a ton.

In Chili Gulch, Manuel Munoz and M. A. Kiser have a good quartz mine. It consists of a north and south vein averaging twelve feet in width and an east and west vein averaging two feet in width. Recent assays of the rock resulted in showing \$11 per ton in free gold and \$35.05 in sulphurates. The mine was bonded this week to L. Curran Clark of San Francisco, for 2 years for \$3000. Of this sum \$1000 must be paid before the expiration of twelve months. A force of men will be engaged and work commenced immediately by Mr. Clark.

Chronicle: The Hexter mine has been bonded to Bryan Jennings & Co., of San Francisco, who will soon start up work by driving the tunnel into the channel. The tunnel is now in 1400 feet and 600 feet yet remain to be pierced before the channel will be reached.

When the channel shall have been cut, immensely rich gravel will be found. Some \$50,000 has been so far expended on the property; less than \$10,000 more will suffice to drive the tunnel into the channel. This company owns some two miles of the old Corral Flat channel which is known to be very rich, several million dollars having been taken from a tract less than two thousand feet in extent, by the early miners. The influx of water is claimed as the reason that work ceased on the channel. The Hexter tunnel will effectively drain it.

Col. Robinson has completed the assessment work on the Monte Carlo mine for the year, and is now doing the assessment work on the Keystone mine, which property is the extension on the north, of the Esperanza mine.

The Sheep Ranch mine has given proof that has satisfied the management to enter into more extensive improvements, to better facilitate work and cheapen operations. Using electricity as a motive power will do much toward this end in view. Wood is becoming scarce and expensive, and the connection with the Utica plant above town, (the wires now being placed in position) is a move in the right direction and will prove a remunerative venture.

W. D. Pinkston, the Lone Star contractor, and his crew of men, left for their homes in Placer County last Saturday. Superintendent A. Pugh of the Farrington Gold Mining Company, the owners of the Lone Star, arrived here Friday and work under the contract was stopped that evening. Work in the mine will be continued under the management of Mr. Pugh.

TUOLUMNE COUNTY

Independent: A rich shoot of ore has been uncovered in the Standard mine, which is a parallel vein to the Draper, at a depth of about thirty feet.

Operations have commenced sinking a double compartment shaft at the Parole mine situated near Soulsbyville. W. H. Barron is president of the company opening the mine.

A force of about sixteen men are employed at the Draper mine, where sinking is now in progress. Everything looks very encouraging at this property. New pumps have been put in to handle the water and a mill is in course of construction. At the Star Ling mine, operated by the same company, a new mill is also being built.

Another rich shoot of ore has been struck in the Golden West mine. Machinery for a ten-stamp mill is now hauled to this property. A double compartment shaft will soon be started. His daughter Lillian awoke him Saturday morning and asked him if he was going to Angels. He said he did not know, but he arose and ate breakfast. Leaving the house, he took his long coat with him, stating that he might not be back, words which in the light of subsequent events, bore a significance little dreamed of.

He did go to Angels and was present there Saturday night. From there the drive was made over to Jamestown and then to Tufton. To-night there was to have been a big ratification at Sonora and it was there he was going when overtaken by the grim messenger, Death.

During the recent campaign ex-Sheriff Cunningham was manager of the successful campaign of Congressman S. D. Woods.—Stockton Record.

A Dreadful Accident.

About 9 o'clock yesterday (Thursday) morning, Giacomo (James) Fassero of Jackson Gate, was instantly killed in the Onida mine. He and another miner were at the 300 level cutting a tank, and Fassero stepped to the shaft to ring for the skip to stop at that level to allow his companion to ascend. This was the last seen of him until pieces of his body were found in the shaft and the sum 1700 feet below. It is believed that the ascending skip caught him and dragged him up the shaft a few feet, killing him instantly, the dead body then falling to the sum below. A piece of his shirt and some blood were found on the skip when it reached the mouth of the shaft.

Deceased leaves a wife and seven children in Jackson Gate and two brothers in the state of Washington. He was a member of the Italian Benevolent Society, the Druids and the Foresters. He was about 34 years of age, a native of Italy, and had resided in this country 15 years. The funeral will be held next Sunday, probably at 10 o'clock a.m. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the entire community.

Funeral of Henry A. Peek.

The funeral of the late Henry A. Peek, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Peek of this place, was held at the family residence at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, Rev. F. A. Morrow officiating. There were a number of beautiful floral offerings, and the remains were followed to the tomb by many people, among them several old and prominent citizens. Deceased was born at Mokelumne Hill, Oct. 6, 1880, and died in Visalia, Nov. 26, 1900. The relatives of deceased have the sympathy of the community.

Dr. Herbert Hatch.

Dr. Hatch, who practiced his profession in Jackson a few years ago 1886 and 7—and who cut rather a wide swath just before he left, is now contract physician for the government at Rampart, Alaska. He and ex-Governor McGraw of the state of Washington own valuable mining claims, the income from which amounted to over \$80,000 last year. Dr. Hatch is as steady as a clock and fast accumulating a fortune. Mrs. Hatch has grown very stout in the frozen north, and now weighs 250 pounds. Ex-Governor McGraw is at present Gold Commissioner at Cape Nome.

Not Guilty.

The second trial of Samuel A. Marquart was held before Superior Judge R. C. Rust on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

At about 5 o'clock Tuesday evening, the case went to the jury, and in less than an hour a verdict of "not guilty" was rendered. The first ballot was ten to two, favoring acquittal, and the second ballot was unanimous.

McGee, Stewart and Crocker were Marquart's attorneys.

Marquart's parents have been with him for several days.

Terrible Accident.

The accident that occurred during the Stanford-Berkeley football game at San Francisco yesterday, resulted in the death of 22 and injury of 53 people. Another report says 17 were killed and 84 injured. According to one report, the injured were on the roof of a glass factory which precipitated them into tanks of boiling liquid of some kind. Another account says the grand stand gave way.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks and deepest gratitude to the friends and neighbors who so kindly sympathized with and aided us at the funeral of our dear departed one.

E. P. VANDAMENT.
LINCOLN VANDAMENT.
MAUD VANDAMENT.

Jackson, Nov. 27, 1900.

Barber Shop For Sale.

A first-class barbershop, well equipped and with a good trade, for sale cheap. This shop is located in a mining town in Amador county, and is a rare bargain for some one. Call or address.

LEADER OFFICE,
Jackson, Cal.

Nov. 30-1mo.

\$10 Reward

I will give the above reward for the apprehension of the parties who shot and took away the large Brahma rooster on the hill back of my place in South Jackson on Monday, Nov. 26, between 12 and 1 o'clock.

R. RUGNE.

Nov. 30-1t.

A Floral Tribute.

The Jackson Republican Club sent a beautiful floral piece—a broken column—to be placed on the grave of the late Thomas Cunningham, who was buried in Stockton yesterday. The Club also mailed a letter of condolence to the relatives.

Sick Headaches.

The curse of overworked womankind, are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great blood-purifier and tissue-builder. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price, 25 and 50c. For sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist * 4th Street.

Uncalled-for Letters.

Letters remaining unclaimed in the Jackson, Cal., Postoffice, for the week ending November 30, 1900:

James Waters. Charlie Gregory.

Mrs. Myrtle Solomson.

G. C. FOLGER, Postmaster.

Masquerade Ball.

Do not forget that Ursula Parlor No. 1, N. D. G. W., will give a masquerade ball in Webb Hall on New Year's eve. Prepare for the event of the season.

Young Mothers.

Croup is the terror of thousands of young mothers, because its outbreak is so agonizing and frequently fatal. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure acts like magic in cases of Croup. It has never been known to fail. The worst cases relieved immediately. Price, 25c, 50c and \$1, for sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

Tell Your Sister

A beautiful complexion is an impossibility without good pure blood, the sort that only exists in connection with good digestion, a healthy liver and bowels. Karl's Clover Root Tea acts directly on the bowels, liver and kidneys, keeping them in perfect health. Price, 25c, 50c and \$1, for sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

TOM CUNNINGHAM'S DEATH

Ex-Sheriff of San Joaquin County.

HIS LIFE AS A CITIZEN AND AS AN OFFICER

Death Made Its Claim at Tuttletown Early Monday Morning of This Week.

Thomas Cunningham, ex-Sheriff of San Joaquin county, died suddenly at Tuttletown, Tuolumne county, at about 5 o'clock Monday morning, Nov. 26, of apoplexy. The word, when received in local official circles this afternoon and among the old residents of his home, caused a deeper sensation than any similar occurrence has ever produced. Down town the news spread like wild-fire and was the subject of conversation on all lips. Ex-Sheriff Cunningham died virtually without a word of warning. He had arisen and eaten his breakfast at about 4:30 o'clock, preparatory to going to Sonora to attend a big Republican ratification meeting there. He was in company with Hon. S. M. Shortridge and Assemblyman Ralston, recently elected. According to the report received early this morning, they had boarded a carriage and had driven a short distance, when Mr. Cunningham said: "I must get out boys, I'm choking."

HIS LAST WORDS.

The rig was stopped, but hardly had the word been spoken before Tom Cunningham was dead.

Ex-Sheriff Cunningham left Stockton Saturday afternoon for Angels Camp.

He had been importuned to be present and went against his own will. He had come home Friday from a stay of several days in San Francisco and was treated.

His daughter Lillian awoke him Saturday morning and asked him if he was going to Angels. He said he did not know, but he arose and ate breakfast.

Leaving the house, he took his long coat with him, stating that he might not be back, words which in the light of subsequent events, bore a significance little dreamed of.

He did go to Angels and was present there Saturday night. From there the drive was made over to Jamestown and then to Tufton. To-night there was to have been a big ratification at Sonora and it was there he was going when overtaken by the grim messenger, Death.

During the recent campaign ex-Sheriff Cunningham was manager of the successful campaign of Congressman S. D. Woods.—Stockton Record.

met with in man. His influence was very large, from the confidence and respect placed in his word and from the success of his undertakings. His utter truthfulness and honesty, as well as his kind-heartedness were attributes which drew to him men of all shades of belief and his friendship to men who were loyal was proverbial. In fact, Tom Cunningham was a man among men and a figure perhaps as prominent as any in the State.

INCIDENT OF KIND-HEARTEDNESS.

In his long career as Sheriff his traits showed themselves to great advantage. He was never known to kill a man, although the opportunities offered were many. Several years ago in the Livermore valley, he encountered a life-terminus who had escaped from the penitentiary, stolen a horse and was making good his escape. Sheriff Cunningham was out after him and was in a buggy alone when he saw his man coming down the road. He ordered the man to stop, but the fugitive put the spurs to his mount and took a fence along the road. Sheriff Cunningham leveled his shotgun and shot the horse. The man escaped, although he could have been killed. The Sheriff came back to Stockton, saying he would get his man the next morning, which he did.

EVANS AND SONNTAG INCIDENT.

It was the first man to suggest that Evans and Sonntag did the robbery which afterward landed those bandits in prison.

He was the commanding figure in the Moqulemos Grant disturbances, the men, knowing his determination, submitted when the papers of the court were placed in his hands.

HIS LAST WORDS.

In 1873 he, with Harry Morse, traveled eight weeks on horseback, covering 6000 miles, in pursuit of the Vasquez band, tracing the bandit leader to where he was soon after captured, near Los Angeles.

He designed the County Jail at Stockton, a model all over the State.

He was beloved by the men he brought to justice, if such a thing there could be by such men. He always treated them kindly and turkey dinner on hollidays was the rule at the jail.

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LOCAL BREVIETIES.

News of the Week Issued in a Condensed Form.

Ione flour is Peerless. 6-22-tf

A. J. Crain and M. Leah of Peacock mouth, were in Jackson Wednesday.

R. W. Bell, piano tuner, recommended by Sherman, Clay & Co., will be here in a few days. Leave orders at the Globe Hotel.

Men's good pants at \$1.00 at the Red Front Clearance Sale. 10-16-tf

Mrs. J. W. Neal of the Experiment Station is visiting her parents in Los Angeles.

Pioneer Flour is the "Lily of the Valley," the "Pearl of Perfection."

Henry Eudey, President of the Bank of Amador County, made a business trip to San Francisco this week.

Greasing the Wheels.
A Russian paper gives an interesting insight into the way they do things on the Siberian railway.

A merchant recently sent a carload of fruit from Irkutsk to Chita. The railway charges were 170 rubles, and the tips to railway officials amounted to 120 rubles more.

Tipping, or "greasing," as it is called in Siberia, is a tax from which no part of the railway is exempt.

In the case mentioned the first station master told the merchant that the loaded car was "sick," or disabled, and would have to be side tracked for repairs.

"How long will it take to make the repairs?" the merchant asked.

"Oh, a week at least," was the answer.

The merchant started, for a week's delay meant the spoiling of his cargo, and, besides, it was ordered for immediate delivery. But when the fruit dealer had shipped 10 or 15 rubles into the official's hand the latter found that the car was well enough to travel.

At the next station the car fell ill again and had to be restored to health in the same manner, and this process was repeated every time the train stopped.

Local merchants have become used to this "greasing" business and simply add the amount to the price of their wares, so that the consumer pays the freight and the tips as well.

Money In Soiled Linen.

"It is astonishing how careless people are about sending clothes to a laundry without first searching them for money and jewelry," said the manager of a laundry the other day. "Yesterday a woman sent a bundle of dresses here, and in the pocket of one was \$100 in bills. We never search clothing for valuables. The dresses were put in the washing machine, soap and water put in, and after the machine had been running half an hour it was opened, and the man in charge was astonished to see paper money floating around on the water. The bills had in some manner worked out of the pocket of the dress, and, strange to say, not one of them was torn. We ray the money through the drying machine and then ironed each bill carefully. After we got through you could not have told that the money had been in a laundry washing machine for half an hour. We sent for the woman, and when she came to the laundry she had not yet missed her money."

"Not long ago a man sent some shirts to our laundry from the bosom of one of which he forgot to remove a diamond stud worth \$150. Our people did not see the diamond, and we did not find it until he called us up and made known his loss. Then I put my men to searching, and we found the diamond in the catch basin in the sewer."—New York Mail and Express.

Reading Matter For the Duke.

There was an amusing incident in connection with the late Duke of Edinburgh's Australian tour. He accepted an invitation to visit a wealthy squatter, on whose estate excellent shooting was to be had. The squatter was a self-made man, entirely uninterested in book learning and absolutely innocent of reading tastes. In making preparations for the duke's visit it was suddenly discovered that the furnishing of the library had been completely overlooked. There was no time to be lost, and so the squatter sat down and dispatched the following telegram to the leading Melbourne bookseller: "Send one ton of books. Immediate delivery."

The bookseller was staggered at the receipt of such a wholesale and unconventional order, but as the signature of the sender would be honored by any Melbourne bank on a check for six figures he kept his staff working on the job until the small hours of the morning, and the ton of miscellaneous literature was happily shelved before the arrival of the duke.—London Chronicle.

Notel Chinese Clock.

It must be conceded that in some qualities of primitive but practical resourcefulness the Chinese are ahead of most civilized nations. All travelers agree that if in a district where clocks and watches are unknown you ask a Chinaman the time of day he will, if well disposed, at once proceed to amuse and capture the household cat, and after pushing up the lids and looking for a moment into its eyes he will tell the time with astonishing accuracy.

The explanation is a simple physiological one. The pupils of the cat's eyes constantly contract until midday, when they become like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn perpendicularly across the eyes. After 12 they begin again to dilate. It is to be hoped that if the practice is ever introduced into this country watches and clocks will continue to be made, as there will probably be many who will not care to run after a cat whenever they want to know the hour or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers.

Made Fat by Water.

There is a six foot laundryman from Norristown who weighs 300 pounds. It is his own fault too. "When I was 18," he will explain said, "I was like a lead pencil. A thinner fellow you never saw. I heard then that if I wished to get fat I need only to drink, morning and evening, as much water as I could hold. I wanted very badly to get fat, so I began this water treatment. A pint or so was at first my limit, and even that would sicken me, but as time passed my capacity became greater. Soon I could drink two or three quarts, and in time I could as easily drink a gallon. Well, the result was excellent. I took on flesh at a great rate. I got, too, so that I enjoyed my long night and morning drinks. I would look forward to my gallon draft all through the day. When, after seven years, I had reached the nice weight of 170 pounds, I decided to stop the treatment. But alas, I couldn't. The long habit had grown too strong. It had made me a slave. And ever since I have been drinking, night and morning, a gallon of water—I do enjoy it so—and every year I take on from 15 to 20 pounds. Finally, I guess, I'll bust."—Philadelphia Press.

A Draught Measure.

A Spanish magistrate, shocked by the extent of the food adulteration, issued a proclamation, afame with righteous wrath, that all wines, groceries and provisions which upon analysis are proved to be injurious to health will be confiscated forthwith and distributed to the different charitable institutions."—Woman's Journal.

One of Webster's Drinks.

"Daniel Webster," said a Boston man, "as all the world knows, had a penchant for looking on wine when it glowed rosy red. At one time he was driving to Cambridge from Boston. He was billed to make a speech at the home of Harvard, and his companion in the old fashioned glass was a member of his reception committee and a resident of the town."

"On the way to Cambridge Mr. Webster turned to his fellow traveler with an inquiry whether there was not some place in the neighborhood where they could obtain a drink. 'If you will drive a short distance out of your way to my house,' was the courteous response, 'I think I can promise you as good a drink of Jamaica rum as you ever tasted.'

Wherein They Were Allice.

A country minister who, though a poor man, was notoriously defective and hesitating in his style of delivery in the pulpit was sitting having a cup of tea with one of the old spinster connected with his congregation when he observed that the spout of the teapot was either choked or too narrow. "Your teapot, Miss Kennedy," he remarked, "isn't like yourself." Mr. Broon, the notted lady, "It has an iron-poor delivery."

"In de case ob' er good many men," remarked Uncle Eph, "de lung power in no indication ob' de brain power."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

The only proper place for the practical joker is the "dangerous" ward of an insane asylum.—Philadelphia Gazette.

Garrick and Murphy.
Conferring the "freedom of the play-house" on playwrights and men of letters was common in Garrick's day, and without doubt the good natured manager was often pestered for the same favor by persons who had no such claim. It was evidently Garrick's custom to give tickets of admission, permanent orders, to those whom he desired to honor. It is recorded that the Irish writer, Murphy, annoyed at what he thought ill treatment or neglect, returned the ticket with the words, "As I do not foresee any further occasion for this obliging passport, I am not going to trespass too long upon your civility."

Garrick's answer was such as to reflect the greatest possible credit upon himself: "If you choose to relinquish your right to the freedom of Drury Lane playhouse, you certainly will do me a favor. But without the ticket, I imagine, Mr. Murphy will find the doors open to him, as usual, and be further known to you, sir, that as I thought you were above an undue influence I never meant the ticket as the least upon the liberty of your person or conversation."

It may be safely inferred that Garrick presented the same permanent passport to his gruff but faithful friend, Dr. Johnson. It is hardly too much to say that the great player's generosity was as notable as his acting, and his acting was probably such as the world has never surpassed.

How Foxes Get Rid of Fleas.

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It Troubled the Customer.

"A funny thing occurred here the other day," said a barbers as he was putting the finishing touches on a hair cut. "A fellow came in to be shaved who was somewhat under the influence of intoxicants. He took his place in the chair, and all proceeded well till I had shaved one side of his face, when he stopped me."

"Hold on," he cried. "I want this thing splashed."

"I asked him what was the matter, and he replied: 'There's a fly on my cheek, and you have shaved the lather and whiskers off, but the fly didn't move. Now, what's the mazzer with him?'

"I told him there was no fly on him, but he pointed to the mirror and said: 'You think I can't see him. I ain't so drunk that I can't see a fly.'

"I turned to the glass, and there stood the fly on the mirror and in such a position that from my customer's range of vision it seemed to be on his cheek. He afterward said that he had felt that fly tickling him all the time and wondered how I could shave under it and not cut its legs off."—London Times.

A Long Bath.

A man who is a lawyer and a journalist in one of the smaller inland cities of Ohio tells of an uncle he has in the region of Massillon. This relative is one of the plow members of a small community and, being possessed of considerable executive ability, has been for more than 20 years the superintendent of a thriving Sunday school. His besetting sin, if it might be called such, is his propensity to exaggerate stories in order to make them interesting to his auditors.

Some time ago he was telling his lawyer-journalist nephew of how he cured himself of theague. It was several years ago, and, having tried every remedy in vain, he at last consulted an old Indian doctor, who advised him, "Go to down to the creek each morning immediately on rising and sit in the cold water up to his chin. He was to sit there one minute the first morning and then double the time each day for 20 days. The uncle says he followed the prescription and was cured.

The Ladies' Gallery.

It is not perhaps generally known that an order for the withdrawal of strangers from the English house of commons does not extend to the ladies' gallery, which is not supposed to be within the house. Ladies can therefore only be informed of the subject of debate and left to withdraw or not at their own discretion.

Chance For Him at Home.

Sluggish (the eminent physiologist, in a fit of indignation)—He offers me \$5,000 if I'll lay down in the fifth round! I'll show 'em, by George, I'm a fighter."

"What's she been saying now?"

"I was telling her the other evening that my parents had 13 children."

"Yes."

"Well, she looked at me awhile and said, 'Oh, are you the thirteenth?' Then everybody snickered. Now, will you kindly tell me what there was funny about that?"—Chicago Tribune.

Jacket of Many Garments.

Although Gordon declined to accept the bowl of gold offered him by the Chinese emperor after the suppression of the Taiping rebellion, yet he consented to receive the yellow jacket, a distinction limited to 12 wearers, who constitute the imperial bodyguard.

When the presentation of so exalted an oriental order took place, there was a most remarkable ceremony observed by the Celestial grandees commissioned to personally confer the high mark of the emperor's favor.

To Gordon's evident astonishment, the operation of donning the yellow jacket in its entirety was a considerable undertaking, for between two and three hours the great but simple minded soldier was engaged in putting on one suit and taking off another until a most extensive wardrobe had been gone through.

It comprised silk dresses, robes, jackets, hats, caps, boots, shoes, fans, girdles, thumb rings of jade and necklaces for all seasons and occasions.

The yellow jacket in its actuality was the last item of the raiment bearing its name in which Gordon was ardent.

History's Notorious Fault.

"I must insist," declared Diana, who was the acknowledged leader of the Olympian Woman's Suffrage party, "that the purity of the ballot would be preserved by allowing us to vote."

"Nonsense," protested Mercury, leader of the opposition. "You wouldn't be able to control the Muse of History. She's a natural born repeater."—Philadelphia Press.

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THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

Peculiar Ways in Which It Causes a Young Woman to Act.

Did you ever have a chance to observe, unobserved, a young woman's conduct toward her newly acquired engagement ring?

It feels so strange upon her hand that she cannot refrain from examining it a dozen times an hour, always, however, on the sly. On the first night she sits up an hour later than usual to admire it boldly in the seclusion of her own apartment. A frequent kiss is administered to the shining band and its glittering gem, and during the night the dreams that it has fallen into a stream and awakes clutching at the ring, day after day.

"What is the price?" asked Li at length.

"Your excellency shall have it as a gift," was the reply of the exhibitors.

"Then I don't want it in that case," observed the simple and bland Li, "because I require two, one for myself and the other for the empress."

And he had them.

What the Barber Said.

"To shave a man at home," said a barber, "I charge a quarter, but to have a dead man half a dollar is the price. About a tenth of my private customers are women.

"I shave at their houses six or seven women every day. I don't know why it is some women have beards. It is very distressing to them, and they shave close and often. It is their only remedy. The electric needle is no good for them, you see, because their beards are so thick that it would take a lifetime for the operator to go over their faces and pluck each hair out separately, as must be done in the electrical depilating system.

"Beards only grow on old women. They are one of the feminine disfigurements of age. It is the same trouble, I suppose, as that which affects old men. Old men, you know, have thick growths of hair in their nostrils and ears that must be cut out weekly, and their eyebrows if not regularly trimmed would grow to two or three inches."—Philadelphia Record.

Might Grow in Kentucky.

Samuel R. Ireland, a lawyer and raconteur—by choice the latter—of Washington, is responsible for this story about a genial and ingenuous old presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church South who was a townsman of his back in Kentucky, relates the New York Telegraph. When he appeared in Mr. Ireland's office at Washington one day, the lawyer was cordial to the old preacher, took him to all the interesting places of the capital and in the evening had him to dine at the home of a lady in the official circle who would rather decorate her table with quality, homely characters than with notables. Spaghetti was one of the dishes served, and the old man took it with amazing celerity. Put very much at his ease by the gracious ways of his hostess, he was asked for another plate of the Italian pasta.

Netta.

Netta was a little girl who lived in a boarding asylum, a place where homeless children without relatives are

gradually assimilated to the surroundings.

During a holiday ramble Sir Fred

erick Leighton came across a little roadside inn, the signboard of which was being somewhat carelessly painted by a local artist. For some little time Sir Frederick watched the progress of the painting, till the rural artist, glancing down, remarked, "It be a foine day, master?"

Leighton assented, adding that a figure on the signboard was out of proportion.

"Whe'er be it out?" asked the aggrieved artist. "I'm thinkin' yer've summer wrong in yer sight."

"If you get off that ladder, I'll put it right for you," replied the R. A. good humoredly.

"Eh, boot ye can paint?" queried the other doubtfully. "I've ken I dinna want my work spiled."

"It's all right; I've done a little paintin' in my time," answered Leighton.

"Art is nae so payin' now; still if ye like to do mair work for me, I'll gie ye mair siller than I do as a rule."

"Thanks," replied Sir Frederick dryly. "My name is Leighton."

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